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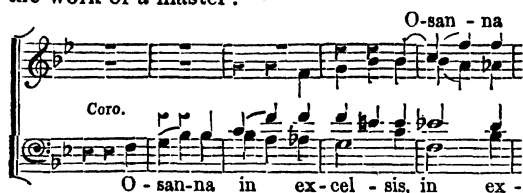
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Without one moment's relaxation, this impetuous violin part is maintained throughout the fugue; the effect is indescribably brilliant. The *tempo* is quick, like the minuet of a symphony; and the melodious voice parts, with the vivacity of the violins, keep the hearer in an ecstasy of enjoyment. No one could have produced this delightful fugue but Haydn—the character of the subjects and accompaniment, *vivace assai*, in triple time, is marked by the speciality of his genius. It is probable that he was the inventor of the fugue accompanied.

The *Sanctus* and *Pleni sunt Cœli* are inferior to the rest of the work. The *Osanna* is very pretty. This point of clear natural imitation is the work of a master:—



Nothing better becomes the lucid Haydn than a playful strain of counterpoint. The *Benedictus*, in E flat, begins with the theme for a quartet movement, and is a very elegant piece of music. We miss in it, however, that religious sweetness and celestial character which in Mozart's treatment of the *Benedictus* seem an inspiration of the Divinity. The *Agnus Dei*, in B flat minor, looks like a leaf out of the "Seven last words"—the style is closely similar to those celebrated *Adagios*. It is accompanied only by stringed instruments, depending upon the beauty of the melodious parts for its interest, and in this respect it is perfection. After two bars from the instruments, *staccato* and *piano*, to excite attention, the choir begins *mezzo forte*:—



This mournful theme reminds of the *Passione*. The second principal theme is in D flat major—the melody is original in the accent, and of refined elegance:—



Closing as the movement does, in a strain of extreme solemnity, it might be perhaps objected that the change to the vivacious *Dona* is somewhat over-sudden. Such a vigorous masculine energy, however, pervades this finale, that it soon quiets objections, and carries the hearer with it in its triumphant course. The pulses of delight beat high through this noble work. The genial humanity of the composer is present to us in all the symphonies and melodies of this Mass; the love of the thing in him was great; and truly music is never so delightful as when "from the fulness of the heart the pen speaketh."

(To be continued.)

## MUSIC

### AMONG THE POETS AND POETICAL WRITERS.

By MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

(Continued from page 86.)

It would be injustice to advert to Shelley's renowned poem on the Sky-lark, without giving it entire. Throughout, it is musical,—in its poetic harmony, its subject, and its exciting beauty.

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!

Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest,  
Like a cloud of fire!  
The blue deep thou wingest.

And singing, still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are brightening,  
Thou dost float and run,

Like an embodied joy, whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight;  
Like a star of heaven

In the broad daylight,  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear,

Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud

The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art, we know not;  
What is most like thee?

From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see,  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

## Music among the Poets and Poetical Writers—(continued.)

Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy, with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Like a glow-worm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unbeholden  
Its aerial hue  
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embowered  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflowered,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged  
thieves.

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach me, sprite or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine :  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,  
Or triumphal chant,  
Matched with thine would be all  
But an empty vaunt—  
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain ?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?  
What shapes of sky or plain ?  
What love of thine own kind ? What ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be :  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee :  
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream,  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not :  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught ;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
Hate, and pride, and fear ;  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then, as I am listening now."

Shelley.

Wordsworth's two poems on the Sky-lark, are also given entire.

"Up with me ! up with me into the clouds !  
For thy song, Lark, is strong ;  
Up with me, up with me into the clouds !  
Singing, singing,  
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,  
Lift me, guide me till I find  
That spot which seems so to thy mind !

I have walked through wilderness dreary,  
And to-day my heart is weary ;  
Had I now the wings of a Faery,  
Up to thee would I fly.  
There is madness about thee, and joy divine  
In that song of thine ;  
Lift me, guide me high and high  
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning,  
Thou art laughing and scorning ;  
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,  
And, though little troubled with sloth,  
Drunken Lark ! thou would'st be loth  
To be such a traveller as I.

Happy, happy Liver,  
With a soul as strong as a mountain river  
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,  
Joy and jollity be with us both !

Alas ! my journey, rugged and uneven,  
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind ;  
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,  
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,  
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,  
And hope for higher raptures, when Life's day is done."

Wordsworth.

"Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !  
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?  
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?  
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
Mount, daring warbler !—that love-prompted strain  
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)  
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :  
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing  
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;  
A privacy of glorious light is thine ;  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;  
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;  
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !"

Wordsworth.

## HEREFORD FESTIVAL.

The one hundred and thirty-second meeting of the Three Choirs of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester Cathedrals, held for the relief of the widows and orphans of the poorer clergy in the Diocese, has been held this week ; having indeed scarcely closed when this report meets the eyes of our readers. This festival has been got up on a scale of greater magnitude as regards the number of professional musicians engaged, and the high standing of the principal performers, than any which has preceded it. Relying upon the facilities afforded by the railways for visitors from the adjoining and from distant counties, the Committee spared no cost, while the Conductor (Mr. Townshend Smith) spared no labour, to render this Festival worthy in every respect of its noble object and of the attention of the lovers of music. In their selection of pieces, the taste of the musical scholar and the appreciation of that part of the public which judges by its likings only,